10270.

A TRIP TO HOLLAND.

CONTAINING

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS;

TOGETHER WITH

CURSORY OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE DUTCH.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

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BOOKSELLER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE
OF WALES, AND TO THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES
THE PRINCES.

MDCCLXXXVI.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ſucceſs of my former volume has induced me to publiſh a ſecond. I had taken *Sterne* for a model, without meaning at all times to copy his manner, which is uniformly narrative. The preſent Publication, therefore, is chiefly an account of the people in general: their manners and cuſtoms. The characters of indivi-

individuals have, for the moſt part, gone before. The book will anſwer, I hope, to its title.

CON-

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Page 66, *laſt line*—For "enter a priſon with ſatisfaction," read—enter a priſon like the Raſp-houſe with ſatisfaction.

A TRIP TO HOLLAND.

EXORDIUM.

NOW then, in like manner with my deceaſed, but never to be forgotten parent, Mr. Triſtram Shandy, * I ſhall begin this volume—

* The Monthly Reviewers have acknowledged the relationſhip---ſo no one, I hope, will diſpute it.

—Have a care, Sir—Keep clear of imitation—remember Horace—*O imitatores, &c.*

A little patience, good Mr. Critic.

And this, Madam, is your ſon? Bleſs me! how extremely like his father! Every look, every action, every feature, I proteſt! What a wonderful imitation!

Imitation? My dear Sir, what are you thinking about? Imitation is the work of art; and the likeneſs of my ſon to his father is merely the effect of nature; you ſurely——

True,

True, Madam, true—you are certainly right——And pray, Mr. Ariſtarchus, do you not imagine that there may be the ſame homogeneity, the ſame ſpontaneity--(will your Honours allow me to talk thus?) —In a word, do you not imagine that there may be a reſemblance of ſoul, as well as of body? And that Nature may ſometimes operate with the one, in exactly the ſame manner that ſhe ſo frequently operates with the other? Conſider this attentively; and when you meet with a writer who has caught the ſtyle and manner of an excellent original,

do not be ſo ready to cry out—"a "ſervile imitator!" No, no, if you really perceive a likeneſs, honeſtly acknowledge it; and in the ſpirit of a true-born Engliſhman, boldly pronounce him *a chip of the old block.**

"A chip

"* It is perhaps juſter to ſay, that a previous correſpondency of *character* impelled to *imitate*, than that imitation itſelf produced that correſpondency of *character*—At leaſt, it will be allowed to incline a writer ſtrongly to *imitation*; and where a congenial ſpirit appears to provoke him to it, a candid Critic will not be forward to turn this circumſtance to the diſhonour of his *invention*."

Again———

"The moſt original writer as certainly takes a *tincture* from the Authors in which he has been moſt converſant, as water, from the beds of earth or minerals, it hath happened to run over."

Biſhop Hurd on Imitation.

But you had better read the whole Eſſay.

" A chip of the old block,"—
—what a vulgar expreſſion! exclaims the ſqueamiſh Critic—But 'tis done i'faith; and I never blot—What the Devil ſhall I do?—Why I muſt e'en ſhelter myſelf behind a ſcrap of Latin. *Ex homine hunc natum dicas:* So ſays Terence.

Safely intrenched, egad!—

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

WELL but, my dear Sir, if you, who are ſo very bad a ſwimmer, will thus fooliſhly venture out of your depth, and run the hazard of drowning, is it my fault? Or if you will purſue an *ignis fatuus*, a wil o'the wiſp, and by that means tumble into a pit, can I poſſibly

ſibly help it?——Do look at yonder cloud, now—there, that in the ſhape of a camel *—You ſee it, do you not?

See it! Impoſſible! why, Sir, had I the eye of an eagle———

Prythee, Mr. Ariſtarchus, walk this way----Step with me into yonder claſſical—'pſha! what a blunder!--into yonder chirurgical ſchool----Obſerve that anatomiſt there---See

* This is not an imitation, but a quotation——But if any Critic would rather chuſe to conſider it as plagiariſm, I have not the ſmalleſt objection.

how very awkwardly he holds his pen!——the devil—again!——his knife, I mean. Do, young gentleman, pr'ythee take care: you will certainly cut yourſelf inſtead of the body you are preparing to diſſect---you will indeed. Slaſh! There 'tis done---Did I not tell you ſo? My dear Sir, how can you be ſo * * * * * *

Here now I hold up half a dozen lights, as my father would have ſaid---You underſtand me?---You perceive the ἀναλογία?

Um?

Um?----Eh?----What the deuce are you talking about?

My dear Sir, how can you be ſo ſtupid---Well but you ſee the——

See!—why, good G-d, Mr. Shandy, I am placed directly againſt the ſun.

Cry you mercy, Sir—I really never thought of that.

" My dear Sir, how can you be ſo * * * * * * *"

I had

I had at firſt a violent inclination to have made up the above line entirely of ſtars and daſhes. It would have puzzled thoſe rogues, the Critics, as Bayes expreſſes it——But then I might have been told, that my book was either dull or obſcure, or—though by the way, I think it no little compliment to the reader, to leave him ſomething to diſcover——Aye, and it will hold good in other caſes too; and yonder matronly lady is entirely of my opinion; for if nothing be concealed—

—Do, my deareſt Lydia, think of this in your dreſs; and when

next

next you appear in public, leave a little for the imagination.

THE

THE TRAVELLER.

ROAD TO BODEGRAVE.

WHAT ſhould we think of a traveller, who, in all his journeyings, had never wandered from the beaten road? Who had never even looked either to the right hand or to the left, however beautiful the proſpect, however diverſified the ſcene? Should we not think him the fooliſheſt, the moſt inſenſible of men? And might we not, with

with infinite reaſon, condemn him for his want of taſte?

In ſuch a manner, however, does the ordinary reader *travel* through a book. Any paſſage which is not immediately underſtood--any thing, in ſhort, which requires a particular inveſtigation, is haſtily and inconſiderately paſſed over. In a word, nothing is ſought after, and nothing is eſteemed, but what is lying abſolutely on the ſurface.

* * * *

I am now arrived at Bodegrave: at which place, with your leave,

Meſ-

Meſſieurs, we will make ſome little ſtay; for the road I have lately travelled through has been ſo very thick beſtrewed with thorns, that—

Your laſt ſtage, Sir, was, I think, from Leyden to Bodegrave.—It muſt have been a terrible journey indeed!

The moſt delightful one in nature, Sir. The beauty, the fertility of the country ſurpaſſes—

Well, but if the road is ſo entirely covered with thorns——

Thorns!

Thorns!—The road to Bode—Hey-day! What a time has an author of this!—Why, Sir, you had better throw aſide the book. I was ſpeaking of the thorny road of criticiſm, through which I have ſo lately travelled. Ha! ha! your obſervation reminds me——Why, thou art certainly deſcended in a right line from Captain Tobias Shandy. My dear Sir, I am heartily glad to ſee you.*—

Well, but if you were going to Amſter-

* " 'Tis a pity, ſaid my father, conſidering the ingenuity theſe learned men have ſhewn in their ſolutions of noſes----Can noſes be diſſolved? Said my uncle Toby."

Triſtram Shandy, Vol. III. p. 45.

Amſterdam, what the plague are you doing at Bodegrave?—Why, Sir, the direct line from Leyden to Amſterdam—

But, Sir, I ſeldom move in a direct line—'Tis ſo dull, ſo mechanical.* What! doſt imagine that I am under the neceſſity of travelling in as direct a line, as a curate to his church;

* For once, however, I ſhould have proceeded immediately from Leyden to Amſterdam, merely to oblige my companion, Monſieur de M. But as that gentleman received information at Bodegrave, that his preſence at Amſterdam, was not ſo immediately requiſite as had been at firſt intimated to him, he conſented to our proceeding to that place by the more agreeable route of Bodegrave, Utrecht, &c.

church; or as Doctor Slop to Shandy-Hall, when his obſtetric aid was wanted by my grandmother? No, Sir, no—I generally proceed in a curve—and a curve being the true line of beauty, (as either Mr. Hogarth* or yonder crooked gentleman will inform you¶) it is my intention to purſue it invariably throughout my travels:—Aye, and if you employ the whole of your ſagacity, you may poſſibly diſcover that I keep it regularly, (or irregularly, if you like it better) in my account of them too.

* See Hogarth's Analyſis of Beauty.

¶ See Hay's Eſſay on Deformity.

A word in your ear. If the Public be pleaſed with this little book, I will publiſh an account of my Journey into Switzerland, in ſpite of all the——" Devils in Hell, Sir?"—O fye! no——Critics in the univerſe.*

—" But this is nothing to my travels, ſo I twice—twice beg pardon for it." Allons!

DIS-

* This muſt not be underſtood as alluding to the periodical publications called *Reviews*, &c. the writers of which have ſpoken of my former volume with candour and impartiality.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

LEYDEN.

MONSIEUR de M— and I were ſo heartily tired of the ordinary conveyance by the treck-ſchute, that we determined on changing our mode of travelling; and accordingly engaged a chaiſe to carry us from Leyden to Amſterdam.

I was particularly careful in providing a large and commodious carriage,* and kept it above an hour at the door of the hotel. What, no pretty damſel who may be going either to Utrecht or Amſterdam?—Diable!—But not a ſingle Frenchwoman had I met with in the city of Leyden; and a Dutch frow is infinitely too prudiſh to think of requeſting a place in your carriage, or of even accepting it, were you to make her the offer.

As

* If the reader is ignorant of my reaſons for this, he may know them by having recourſe to page 17 of the former volume.

As my cruel ſtars would have it, not a Frenchwoman preſented herſelf; ſo we proceeded immediately to Bodegrave, a pretty little village, diſtant about twelve or thirteen miles from Leyden.

We had altered our manner of travelling, not ſo much on account of the diſagreeableneſs of the treckſchute, as for the ſake of expedition; but even here we were diſappointed. Two hours and a quarter were taken up in paſſing from Leyden to Bodegrave:—yet this is what a Dutchman calls *poſting*. An Engliſh waggon would have gone it in the time.

The poſtilion (who by the way had rather the appearance of a bear than a human being) was as deaf to my perſuaſions as to my remonſtrances—Get on, my good lad---ſaid I, get on—" jingling a florin againſt the glaſs of the chaiſe, and taking care to hold the flat ſide towards him as he looked back"--- But nothing could work upon him; and he looked to the full as ſulky, as though I had threatened him with a beating. Once indeed he cried out ya! ya! which, had I not known that it is Dutch for *yes*, I ſhould have concluded from his manner

manner of proceeding, that its ſignification was totally the reverſe.

I have already obſerved, that the country between Bodegrave and Leyden is particularly beautiful. Indeed, I ſcarcely ever remember to have met with a more enchanting proſpect; and this proſpect is conſiderably heightened by the great number of truly elegant houſes that are to be diſcovered, which ever way you turn the eye. The only objection that can be made to it is, that there is rather too much of water; but as the day on which

I travelled was particularly warm and fine, the brightneſs and tranſparency of that element added greatly to the ſplendour of the ſcene.

There is a good inn at Bodegrave, the miſtreſs of which is not only handſome but obliging.

THE DE-

THE DECLARATION.

UTRECHT.

I Will now inform the reader (though I have poſſibly done it already) that he is not to expect in this my Trip to Holland any account of pictures, ſtatues, edifices, or gardens. No—there is a ſufficient variety of books to ſerve him as a guide in his peregrinations: I am only writing for his amuſement —Nay, ſhould I ever publiſh my Travels into Italy, (and it depends entirely

tirely on the reception which theſe little volumes may meet with from the public) I ſhall not ſay a word on the ſubject of either—and for this very good reaſon, becauſe I think enough has been ſaid about them already.

Thus much, however, I have thought proper to ſet down, leaſt the *curious Inquirer* ſhould have looked for any particular deſcription of the magnificent edifices, &c. which are certainly to be ſeen in Leyden.

I muſt

I muſt here obſerve too, that I have not brought home a ſingle butter-fly, ſtone, or medal, to add to the cabinet of the virtuoſo; and what, perhaps, will be thought ſtill more extraordinary, I have not even procured a ſooterkin to enrich the muſeum of the naturaliſt.

* * * * * *

What! exclaim the dilletanti, do you think of publiſhing Travels into Italy, without ſaying any thing reſpecting its buildings, its pictures, its——

—Even

—Even ſo, upon my word. For if you conſider the matter attentively, gentlemen, what can I poſſibly add to the deſcriptions, the very many deſcriptions already in your hands?—You will excuſe me, I am ſure.

Well, demands the pretty gentleman, but how have you been employed in your preſent Trip?—Have you brought over any particular account of the faſhions—the neweſt cut for a coat, the——

Faſhions! cut of a coat! why, my

my dear Sir, the cut of a Dutchman's coat is very nearly the ſame it was an hundred years ago.

"" The ſame that it was an hundred years ago!"—*Ah! les barbares!* how could you poſſibly live among them?—For my part, were I to continue the ſame faſhion above the ſpace of an hundred days, I ſhould appear the moſt ridiculous animal, the moſt——

Very likely, Sir—you are not altogether wrong, I believe. But a *fine*

taſte,

taſte, you know, is not wholly the effect of Art;—and if Nature has been ſomewhat parſimonious in her gifts to the Hollander, let him have your pity, and not your ridicule, I beg.

THE

THE

DUTCH COMMENTATOR.

UTRECHT.

THE town of Utrecht, like to every town of Holland, (Amſterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague excepted) is dull and unworthy of notice—The environs, however, are delightful; notwithſtanding which, it is very unuſual to meet with any of the inhabitants on foot, ſaving the place in which they may actually reſide. If a Dutchman has occa-

occaſion to go but a mile or two from home, he throws himſelf into a treckſchute or a chaiſe. This undoubtedly injures the health; and it muſt be in a great meaſure owing to inactivity and indolence that the people of this country are ſo very corpulent and badly ſhaped.

Monſieur de M—— and I were walking at a little diſtance from the town, when a gentleman paſſed us in an elegant carriage, and in which, from his extreme rotundity of belly, he was ſcarcely able to ſit. Obſerving that my companion moved his

his hat to him, I had the curioſity to make inquiry as to his name and profeſſion.

His name, ſaid Monſieur de M—, is Vander Blonder; and his profeſſion is that of Hiſtorian and Commentator.

An author! exclaimed I, and with that prodigious load of fleſh!—looking firſt at Monſieur de M—, (who by the way is to the full as thin as I am) and then at myſelf—An author!—Is it poſſible?

Yes, returned Monſieur de M—, he is indeed an author, and a very ſucceſsful one too; not that his ſucceſs has been owing to his merit, but to his friends. You know the general character of a Dutch or German commentator; and he is one of the dulleſt. A concurrence of fortunate circumſtances, however, added to a bold and confident addreſs, have placed him, as you ſee, in his carriage.

He appears indeed, ſaid I, to be very greatly pampered; and I have obſerved that the literary people of this

this country make, for the moſt part, a very different appearance from thoſe of England, or even from thoſe of France—And the Mæcenaſes of Holland do not attend to the advice of one of your Kings (Charles the Ninth, if I remember right) who was accuſtomed to ſay, —" Equi et poetæ *alendi* ſunt, non *ſaginandi*." Poets and horſes ſhould be *fed* and not *fattened*. No bad idea: and yet the horſes that I have hitherto ſeen, are to the full as unwieldy as their owners.

Apropos of poets, ſaid I, pray

is there a living one to be found in Holland?

Not that I know, returned Monſieur de M—; a Dutch verſifier is a *rara avis* indeed. There has been none of any repute, I think, ſince the days of Vondel. Vondel, continued he, was really a good poet; and he has ſufficiently proved by his writings, that the Dutch language (however grating to the ear of an Engliſhman) is by no means deficient in harmony and ſweetneſs of numbers.

* * * *

Poeſy

Poeſy has been called by one of the Fathers *vinum dæmonum*;—and the Hollander ſeems to have nearly the ſame idea of it.

DRESS.

UTRECHT.

THE ladies of Holland, in general, think ſo little of perſonal decoration, that they appear to infinite diſadvantage when compared with the Pariſian females, of whom there is a conſiderable number at the Hague.

There is ſomething really diſtreſſing in finding the charms of a youthful

youthful woman ſo greatly obſcured by her dreſs. I agree entirely with the Poet, that

" Lovelineſs needs not the foreign aid of ornament"---

And with the other, who ſo elegantly obſerves—

" Th' adorning thee with ſo much art,
Is but a barbarous ſkill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill."

But there is a very eſſential difference between a plain and ſimple at-

 tire,

tire, and a remarkably ill-chosen suit. The former, we must acknowledge, will contribute little to the beauty of the object; but the latter will in some degree most assuredly destroy its effect.

Pray, Madam, said I (it was a woman I could take the liberty with) pray, Madam, how often do the ladies of this country vary their mode of dress?

Not once in a dozen years returned the lady. We are no way given to parade; but on the contrary, are provi-

provident, economical, obedient.—A Dutchwoman, added ſhe, and with an archneſs not very common with her countrywomen, makes a very excellent wife.

I do not doubt it, replied I, and were I in ſearch of a companion for life——

O Julia! deareſt and firſt of women, pardon me the wandering, rebel thought. By all my hopes of happineſs—by thy beauteous ſelf I ſwear, it was the idea but of a moment—a fleeting, tranſitory wiſh!

No—

No—Abſence, which ever diminiſhes a trifling paſſion, increaſes mine; and when I willingly forego thy ſweet ſociety, thy charming converſe, may plagues, as thick and numerous as are the ſtars of Heaven, purſue and haunt me ever!

—A pretty rapturous effuſion, you will ſay! True—And now with a heart conſiderably more at eaſe, I proceed in the account of my journey

A RE-

A REFLECTION.

UTRECHT.

ALTHOUGH the man who is without any positive excellence, may be considered by many as a worthy member of society, he is not, in my opinion, a character to be esteemed.

Negative virtue can only be entitled to a negative kind of praise; and

and to obſerve of any one that there is nothing to cenſure in his conduct, is, in fact, advancing very little in his favour. It is by the active and ſocial principles alone that a human being maintains his ſuperiority in the creation :—theſe excluded from his breaſt, he can be conſidered as little better than an automaton; and the French Materialiſt, when he publiſhed his " Man, a Machine," muſt have been led into the opinion that his poſition was *founded*, by viewing us in this diſgraceful, artificial ſtate.

The Dutch are too much like machines.

machines.—Pardon me, Sophronius, I ſpeak with an exception to your friend. I have waited on the man to whom you gave me letters of recommendation, and find him to be every thing that I could wiſh —Open, generous, candid, and ſincere. He received me in a truly agreeable manner: not with the civility of a Frenchman, but with the hoſpitality of a Briton; and were every Hollander like to him, his countrymen might very juſtly vie with the moſt refined and poliſhed nations in the world.

GRA-

GRAVITY.

UTRECHT.

THE Dutch are, without queſtion, the moſt ſerious people upon earth. It is true, indeed, that there is an amazing deal of gravity both in the Engliſhman and the Spaniard; but neither of theſe are, in this particular, any way comparable to the Hollander. The Dutchman appears to be reſerv-

ed

ed from nature, (for though he ſo very rarely laughs, he has certainly never read Lord Cheſterfield; or if perchance he ſhould, I will venture to engage that he has never ſtudied him) the Engliſhman from education, and the Spaniard, I believe from pride.

It may appear incredible to many, perhaps, but I ſolemnly declare, that I never ſaw a Dutchman laugh but once; and that was phyſically accounted for, by his ingenuouſly acknowledging that his mother was a Frenchwoman.

An

An eminent French writer has demanded—*D'ou vient que l'on rit ſi librement au theatre, et que l'on a honte d'y pleurer? Eſt-il moins dans la nature de s'attendrir ſur le pitoyable que d'eclater ſur le ridicule?* The queſtion is undoubtedly a pertinent one—but had the Frenchman attended to the character of this people, he would have aſked it with an exception to *them*.

I really conſidered myſelf as the graveſt and auſtereſt man exiſting, till I had got among the Dutch; but they preſently convinced me, that

that compared with them I had very little pretenſion to any thing like ſtoiciſm or ſeverity of manners.

Many of the women, however, are of a very different complexion; and I found that ſome of them were as merry little rogues as even Janatone * herſelf.

* See Triſtram Shandy; Sentimental Journey.

CURIOSITY.

UTRECHT.

THE Hollander, like to the Muſſulman, very ſeldom quits his country; and never, I believe, through choice: as to thoſe who are to be ſeen in India, they are driven thither by the love of money, and are therefore to be conſidered apart. But the Dutch gentleman, the independant man, is very rarely to be found

found on his travels; and all of this nation who are to be met with at any time in England, or indeed in any other country, are pretty uniformly engaged in trade.

Speaking with a Dutchman on the ſubject of travel, I found him very much aſtoniſhed at the great number of Engliſhmen that annually viſit Holland. As they were not employed in traffick, he could not poſſibly conceive the motive, he ſaid, for their coming thither in ſuch a croud.

Their motive, ſaid I, is no doubt curioſity.

Curioſity, replied he, is ſo very vague, ſo indefinite a term——

Pardon me, returned I, my meaning is fixed and determinate. I allude not to that pitiful, paltry curioſity which examines into, and ſeeks out the faults and failings of our neighbours; but that grand and noble ſpirit of inquiry which ſtretches from pole to pole; and which, conſequently, enlarges and improves the mind; while the former only debaſes

debaſes it. The inquiſitiveneſs I am ſpeaking of is highly worthy of praiſe, and may be compared to the veſſel of the Danaides, which could never be filled.

* * * *

An Engliſhman can experience no pleaſurable ſenſations on entering the city of Utrecht, unleſs he has entirely forgotten the Barrier Treaty, and the uneaſineſs it occaſioned to the worthy Captain Shandy.

THE COMPARISON.

AMSTERDAM.

THIS city, ſaid I, on walking up the principal ſtreet at Amſterdam (and obſerving the hurry and buſtle that generally prevailed throughout the whole), is by no means the place for a ſentimentaliſt.

The care and anxiety that were to be ſeen on every brow, ſufficiently

ently indicated what was going on within. Much of this, it is true, is daily to be obſerved in London; but the trading people of England are wonderfully different in their appearance, and even in their manners, from thoſe of Amſterdam, and indeed of any town in Holland.

There is ſo little of the gentleman (generally ſpeaking) in the exterior of the Hollander, that one naturally becomes prejudiced againſt him; and his total want of urbanity (however good his heart) not unfrequently excites diſguſt.

The Engliſh have been ſtyled by Monſieur de Voltaire the *Savages of Europe*. If by *Savage* he meant a rude and booriſh behaviour, he might have found it much nearer home: if, on the other hand, he meant it as expreſſive of cruelty and injuſtice, he ſhould rather have applied the epithet to his countrymen. Witneſs (and without adducing any other inſtance) their treatment of their priſoners of war.

—At Amboyna indeed!—But let us endeavour to forget the ſtory.

THE

THE PROPOSAL.

AMSTERDAM.

TIME, one morning, hanging ſomewhat heavily on my hands, it was propoſed to me that I ſhould *amuſe* myſelf, by looking into the priſon called the Raſphouſe; but I declined the recreation. Could I have viſited it with the motives and philanthropy of a Howard, I had very poſſibly obeyed the ſummons.

It

It is obſerved by an eminent writer (ſpeaking of the human affections) that a man will ſtand upon the beach and view a ſinking veſſel with delight; that the ſtruggles of the wretched mariners will even afford him a particular pleaſure; but that this pleaſure ariſes not from the ſight of his fellow creatures in diſtreſs, but merely from reflecting on his own ſituation, and knowing that himſelf is ſafe.

On a like principle there may, perhaps, be found the men who will enter a priſon with ſatisfaction.

From

From *ſlavery* thus contemplated, they may poſſibly enjoy their own *freedom* in a much greater degree. But the mind of ſuch a man is evidently vitiated and diſeaſed; and however philoſophically we may attempt to account for ſuch a principle in him; however greatly we may labour to prove it a propenſity in our nature, I am much rather inclined to conſider it as accidental, or even foreign to us, and very rarely to be found.

—O Liberty! ſweet, enchanting Liberty! how ſeldom art thou acknowledged,

knowledged, how little art thou understood! 'Tis with thee, alas! as with Health, whose grand and sovereign virtues we are apt to ridicule and contemn, until she has irrevocably and fatally withdrawn from us her sacred influence and power.

FRIEND-

FRIENDSHIP.

AMSTERDAM.

STROLLING one evening into the great church at Amſterdam, I perceived a gentleman in an aiſle of it, who was leaning on a tomb; and weeping and praying alternately. His oriſons were continued for about the ſpace of a quarter of an hour—He then drew forth a picture, looked on it for ſome time

time attentively, replaced it in his boſom, and again began to weep.

—My life on't, cried I to Monſieur de M—, 'tis the tomb of his wife. 'Tis more likely, returned he, if one may judge from his behaviour, to be the tomb of his miſtreſs. We were both miſtaken. I made inquiry into the matter, and found it to be the ſepulchre of his friend.

He had loſt, in this man, every thing that was dear to him. Alas! unhappy gentleman, I weep at thy miſ-

misfortune :—My beſt wiſhes ſhall accompany thee ; and may'ſt thou meet with ſome one tender-hearted as thyſelf, to ſoothe and relieve thy ſorrows !

—Hail to thee, Friendſhip ! eternal, inexhauſtible ſource of happineſs to man !—'Tis thou, and thou alone, that can'ſt bid the wretched and deſponding mortal, once more raiſe his head. At ſight of thee, miſery forgets her cares—ſickneſs her ills—and penury her wants. Poſſeſſed of thee, every object that ſurrounds us takes a brighter and a live-

livelier hue. Denied thy influence, all Nature seems a void.

O—! worthiest and most benevolent of men, accept the tribute of a heart overflowing with affection, zeal, and gratitude!

THE

THE

LITERARY CLUB.

AMSTERDAM.

I HAD been about a week in Amſterdam, when I was agreeably ſurprized by the appearance of Monſieur de C——. He had come to that city, he ſaid, with a view of ſoliciting ſubſcriptions to his book.

Alas! cried I, you have here, I believe, but little chance of ſuc-

ceſs; for, unleſs your performance will inſtruct the inhabitants in the way that they may the more immediately increaſe their wealth, the buyers of it will be but few.

In that particular, replied Monſieur de C——, you are ſomewhat miſtaken. Amſterdam can boaſt of ſeveral literary men; and the patrons and encouragers of good writing are by no means rare. I am now going to a meeting of the literati of this city, continued he:—favour me therefore with your company:—they all ſpeak French; and I ſhall

I ſhall be glad to have your opinion of them.

I willingly agreed to the propoſal; and in a very little time we arrived at the appointed place.

The company conſiſted of ten or twelve Dutchmen. The firſt thing demanded on my introduction was, *Monſieur, eſt-il Auteur?* The queſtion was an unexpected one; and not knowing my cue, or the rules and orders of the ſociety, I was a little at a loſs for a reply. It is very certain, indeed, that I had no

pretenſions to rank as an author; but having taken the reſolution of publiſhing an account of my travels when I ſhould arrive in London, I boldly replied in the affirmative. This was not altogether honeſt; but yet, ſaid I to myſelf, (a little vauntingly) as I ſhall, no doubt, acquire abundant reputation by my writings, there can be no great harm in thus anticipating my fame—So, as I before obſerved, I courageouſly anſwered *yes*.

I was ſtripped of my feathers after all: for on being queſtioned as to the

the line of literature in which I had employed my pen, I was under the neceſſity of acknowledging that my works were yet in embryo; but that I had viſited Holland with an intention of giving a ſketch of the character of its inhabitants: ſo that, ſtrictly ſpeaking, I was only an author in idea.

I was a little diſconcerted by this affair; but ſomewhat relieved from my embarraſſment, by one of the company declaring, that as Monſieur had an intention of becoming a writer, he ſhould undoubtedly be

conſidered as ſuch; and that it was *tout un.*

The gentleman who had thus become my defender, informed me that he was engaged in an undertaking nearly ſimilar to my own, and that he ſhould ſhortly give his performance to the world. I requeſted to be indulged with a ſight of it; and finding it to be really a curioſity, I have tranſcribed a paſſage or two, which I ſhall lay before the public; together with a tranſlation for the uſe of the country gentlemen, as I am particularly de-

deſirous that ſo exquiſite a *morceau* ſhould be univerſally read.

It may be neceſſary, however, to remind the reader that the writer of the book is a Dutchman, which, from the peculiar modeſty of the ſentiments in the extract here given, it would be almoſt impoſſible for him to diſcover.

" La Hollande eſt ſans contredit le pays du monde le plus agreeable. Il n'y a rien a deſirer qu'elle ne con-

tient. On y trouve des gens les plus polis et les plus honnêtes : il n'y a pas, dans toute l'Europe, de telles villes—ſoit qu'elles ſont conſiderées par rapport a leur grandeur ou a leur magnificence———

* * * *

"— Ou trouverez vous, par example, des loix ſi humaines, ſi ſalutaires, et en meme tems ſi efficaces ?—C'eſt ici qu'on jouis de cette liberté dont on fait mention dans quelques autres contrées, mais dont on ne ſait que le nom.

Quant

Quant aux femmes, je n'en dirai rien—pour dire vrai il me manque de paroles. Elles ſont ſi belles, ſi vertueuſes——&c. &c."

" Holland is indiſputably the fineſt country in the world. Not a ſingle wiſh need there remain ungratified. Nothing can equal the politeneſs and liberality of the people. Europe conſidered collectively, cannot boaſt of ſuch grand and magnificent cities.

* * * *

" — Where

" — Where will you find laws ſo mild, yet admirable in their effects? It is here that men enjoy that liberty which is talked of in other countries; but of which they only know the name.

As to the women, I ſhall not attempt a deſcription of them—language fails me. They are ſo beautiful, ſo virtuous——&c. &c."

After peruſing a few more pages, equally ſimple and unoſtentatious as the above, I returned the writer his manuſcript: at the ſame time thank-

thanking him, and with a very grave face, for the entertainment it had afforded me.

The converſation then became general; and having ſtaid till I was nearly ſuffocated by the ſmoke from the Dutchmen's pipes, I found myſelf compelled to bid my friend and his aſſociates a ſomewhat early and abrupt adieu.

OPINION.

AMSTERDAM.

MONSIEUR de C—— came to me the next morning to know my opinion of the literary club. I had been amuſing myſelf for about an hour, in tranſlating a page or two from Hudibras—So, when the Dutchman arrived and inquired into my ſentiments reſpecting

his

his friends, I anſwered him in nearly the following manner—

Le Hollandois, ſans contredit,
A du bons ſens ;—pour bel eſprit
Il ne le fait voir que rarement :
De meme que ſon beau vêtement.

He was a little diſpleaſed at this, and anſwered me ſomewhat ſharply, that—*Quant aux Hollandois, il falloit beaucoup de tems pour les connoitre parfaitement, et pour decouvrir toutes leurs bonnes qualités. Vous avez raiſon,* ſaid I, ſmiling, *je le crois bien.*

He

He ſhortly after left me, hurt, no doubt, by my reply. But let it be remembered, that, however ſeverely I may occaſionally ſpeak of the Hollander, I always mean it with an exception to Monſieur de C——, and ſome few of his countrymen whom I have likewiſe the honour of knowing.

It is admitted, however, on all hands, that there is very little in this people, of what can properly be called *genius*. Much good ſenſe is, unqueſtionably, to be found among them; but as to fancy, or ima-

imagination, they very rarely exerciſe it.—In a word, they experience nothing of that divine, that glorious faculty of the ſoul, which ſo frequently urges other men to enterprizes and diſcoveries, truly noble and ſublime.*

How

* Eraſmus, in the perſon of *Folly*, thus ſpeaks of the Brabanters, and of his countrymen, the Dutch———

"It is obſerved of the people of Brabant, that contrary to the adage of *older and wiſer*, the more antient they grow the more fools they are; and yet there is not any one country whoſe inhabitants enjoy themſelves better, or rub through the world with more eaſe and quiet. To theſe are nearly related, as well by affinity of cuſtoms, as of neighbourhood, my friends the Hollanders; *mine* I may well call them, for they ſtick ſo cloſe and lovingly to me, that they are ſtiled *fools*, to a proverb, and yet ſcorn to be aſhamed of their name."

———But

How would a Dutchman laugh, were one to repeat to him the beautiful ſtanzas of an old Engliſh Rhymeſter, who thus begins his poem—

"*My mind to me a kingdom is.*"

But let me not forget the advice which I have given to the faſhionable gentleman, when ſpeaking on the ſubject of taſte, at the beginning of the volume.

OB-

———But if this character of the Hollander be admitted as for the moſt part juſt, whoever has read the *Moriæ Encomium* will acknowledge, that there is at leaſt one exception to it.

OBSTINACY.

AMSTERDAM.

"NO! if I do, I'm a Dutchman," exclaimed I. There is nothing vulgar in this, I hope—Egad I am a little afraid—for in that caſe, I ſhall, no doubt, be told by the critics——

Aye, and I could inform the critics that——Heyday! what the

plague am I about? Monſieur Diderot has obſerved—" *Le role d'un auteur eſt un role aſſez vain: c'eſt celui d'un homme qui ſe croit en etat de donner des leçons au public. Et le role du critique? Il eſt bien plus vain encore; c'eſt celui d'un homme qui ſe croit en etat de donner des leçons a celui qui ſe croit en etat d'en donner au public.*"

" *L'auteur dit: Meſſieurs, écoutez-moi, car je ſuis votre maitre. Et le critique; c'eſt moi, Meſſieurs, qu'il faut écouter, car je ſuis le maitre de vos maitres.*"

Now,

Now, if this be ſaid of authors and critics, how great, how very great muſt be the arrogance and ſelf-ſufficiency of the hypercritic!—No! I will never attempt it. If I do, I'll be ſhot.

But as the reader may poſſibly be ſurprized at my having employed ſo *unclaſſical* an expreſſion as that at the head of the chapter, I will tell him what occaſioned it.

Among the ſeveral peculiarities ard *excellencies* of the Hollander, obſtinacy is not in the loweſt rank;

and were a man poſſeſſed of the patience of an Epictetus or a Socrates, he would run ſome little hazard of loſing it in a country like to this.

I had engaged a chaiſe to carry me a few miles out of town. Now, the driver of it would not only go the road and pace which were the moſt agreeable to himſelf, but inſiſted on taking me to a houſe which I had been particularly cautioned to avoid. The conteſt was warm between us; and at length, on his *requeſting* that I would put up at the hotel he had choſen for me, I haſtily

tily anſwered—and by way of proving that I would maintain my point —No! if I do, I'm a Dutchman!

Thus did I foil him at his own weapon, and ſo the matter ended.

BENEVOLENCE.

AMSTERDAM.

IMMEDIATELY on my return to Amſterdam, I determined on paying a viſit to Monſieur de C——. The manner in which I had ſpoken to him of his countrymen had ſomething like ill-nature in it. It is very certain, however, that I had not the ſmalleſt intention of giving him offence; and I could not any longer endure

endure the idea of having made "one worthy man my foe."

I have already informed the reader that Monſieur de C—— was by no means rich. What, then, was my ſurprize on entering his chamber, to find him ſurrounded by a numerous train of ſuitors, to whom he was dealing out his largeſſes with a free and liberal hand.

When theſe people had retired, I was thus addreſſed by Monſieur de C——:

You muſt, no doubt, be aſtoniſhed at finding the man who is himſelf ſoliciting pecuniary aid, ſo ſeemingly prodigal in his bounty to others;—but when I have acquainted you with the circumſtances attending it, I ſhall hope to eſcape unblamed. Know then, that I have been particularly ſucceſsful in my ſubſcription. The men who juſt now left me are authors and critics by profeſſion; I have known them even from my boyiſh days: with ſome of them too I have been connected. We were fellow-labourers in the literary mine. They heard of my arrival in Amſterdam;

ſterdam; and almoſt ſinking with the weight of miſery, implored my ſuccour with ſtreaming eyes. I had money in my purſe: could I ſee them periſh at my door in want?

You ſpeak of a matter that does you honour, ſaid I, as though it ſtood in need of a particular apology. What occaſion can there be for that?

Alas! cried he, I am well acquainted with the prejudices and haſty concluſions of the world. It will be whiſpered that I have been laviſh

laviſh of my means—few will inquire into the motives that prompted me to it—I ſhall be conſidered as a weak and improvident man, and poſſibly be condemned unheard. Such are my apprehenſions. Such are the ideas I have formed to myſelf.

—This ſtroke in the picture of Monſieur de C——, I ſhall beg leave to conſider as the finiſhing one.

So after adviſing this my friend, for ſuch muſt I conſider him, to read a page or two in Epictetus, by way of

of conſoling himſelf for the injuſtice and capriciouſneſs of mankind, I bade him a truly affectionate adieu.

THE

THE ADDRESS.

AMSTERDAM.

THE benevolence of Monſieur de C—— had made ſo deep an impreſſion on my mind, that I continued reflecting on it for ſeveral days. And ſhall ſuch a man, ſaid I to myſelf, remain wholly unprovided for? Is there no one who will recommend him to the notice and protection of his Prince? Willingly

lingly would I make the eſſay indeed; but what can a ſtranger poſſibly effect? Willingly too would I addreſs our potentates, in the words of Sultan Balin to his ſon: "Spare no pains to find men of genius, learning, and courage; you muſt cheriſh them by your beneficence, that they may prove the ſoul of your council, and the ſword of your power."*——And happy ſhould I be in finding them ready to attend to the precepts of ſo wiſe and good a king.

THE

* See Dow's Hiſtory of Hindoſtan.

THE HOBBY-HORSE.

AMSTERDAM.

"*TOUT homme a ſes bizzareries.*"—"Every man has a hobby-horſe." Now, if it be a beaſt that the rider can rely on, he may canter, gallop, walk, or trot, as ſhall be the moſt agreeable to him, and no one will think of oppoſing his way. The man of abilities, however, will be ſeen in one or other of the

the former paces: the plodder always in the latter.

I never met with a Dutchman who could be ſaid to ride his *hobby* with grace or ſpirit. Very unlike the Frenchman, he ſeldom employs the whip or ſpur, but proceeds with the caution and circumſpection of one who is determined to keep his ſeat. This may ſave him from temporary diſgrace, indeed; yet will he never reach the goal of fame. But the reſtiveneſs of his animal, no doubt, deters him from the attempt

tempt——ſo he keeps a tight and ſteady hand, thinking he may, peradventure, get a fall.

In a word, and in the language of ſcience, the *impulſive power* with the Hollander is but as one to an hundred——ſave and except in the proſpect of gain.

TASTE.

TASTE.

AMSTERDAM.

THE taſte of this people, in their theatrical entertainments, is rude and *groſſier* in the extreme.*

* In proof of this, and to ſhew that I do not ſpeak from prejudice, I ſhall extract a paſſage or two from a book entitled *Guide des Voyageurs*, and lately publiſhed at the Hague.

" Jean Vos etoit un vitrier qui aimoit beaucoup à voir les ſpectacles. Pouſſé par ſon genie il entra dans la carrière, et compoſa une tragedie nommée *Aran et Titus*. On rôtit à petit feu, on pend, on etrangle,

I mean with reſpect to thoſe repreſentations which, ſtrictly ſpeaking, can only be conſidered as their own: for, as to the performances which are

etrangle, et on poignarde dans tout le cours de la piéce, qui finit enfin par la deſtruction de tous les perſonnages. Cette tragedie fut neanmoins extremement goutée, et ce ſuccès le fortifia dans l'idée de ne ſuivre jamais d'autre regle que ſon imagination. Il diſoit *qu'on doit mettre des bornes et non des entraves aux talens.* Plein de ces merveilleuſes maximes il fit paroitre la tragedie *de Medée*, où les regles et le bons ſens ſont ſacrifiés, auſſi bien que les enfans de cette enchantereſſe. Peu de tems apres il fut fait directeur du ſpectacled'Amſterdam, et dans cette qualité il exerça ſur les auteurs une autorité deſpotique. IL NE SUFFROIT AU THEATRE QUE DES PIECES INFERIEURES AUX SIENNES, ET ECARTOIT SOIGNEUSEMENT CELLES DE SES RIVAUX. Ce poete ne ceſſa juſqu'a ſa mort defaire des vers et des vitres."

are under the immediate direction of the French or Italian players, they are truly poliſhed and correct. The latter, however, are calculated ſolely for the judicious few—the former are the reigning mode.

It has beeen obſerved by the beſt writers, that we may judge of the refinement of a people, by attending to their ſcenical exhibitions; and I am truly ſorry to obſerve, that a taſte equally groſs and indelicate with that of which I have juſt been ſpeaking, prevails at preſent in the Engliſh

theatre.* The French comedians of this city, are really good performers, and I have received much pleaſure by a frequent attendance at

* Witneſs the repreſentation of the Beggar's Opera, with the characters reverſed :---witneſs alſo, the ſeveral farces which of late years have been brought forward at the Haymarket theatre, and which even a Durfey would be aſhamed to own.

In juſtice to a London audience, however, it muſt be acknowledged, that the fault is principally in the manager. At the winter theatres, where the *elegant* is ſtudied and preferred by the directors, it never fails of pleaſing; and the conductor of a play-houſe ſhould carefully keep in mind, that the ſtage has ever been regarded as a ſchool in which the riſing generation is to form itſelf; and that the virtues or vices of our citizens will depend in a great meaſure on the examples that may there be held out to them. But this is a matter which I ſhall conſider at large in a future eſſay.

at their theatre;—but they labour under a conſiderable diſadvantage, in playing to ſuch a people as the Dutch, who, as Horace has obſerved of his countrymen, would rather be preſent at a prize-fight, or the baiting of a bear, than at the repreſentation of the moſt elegant drama that could be offered to them.

FOPPERY.

AMSTERDAM.

"NON *ex quovis ligno mercurius fit.*"—*A Dutchman will never make a petit-maitre*—and yet he ſometimes affects the character, after the example of the beaus of France. Amſterdam, however, is by no means the place for him, for as there——

"*The*

*"The gilt chariot never marks the way,"** he has little opportunity of diſplaying his talent at *elegant* imitation; and indeed it is happy for him that he has not, for even at the Hague, and Utrecht, where he more frequently puts on the fop, and where he might play the part with a better grace, he is very ſure of loſing by a compariſon with his Gallic friends.

Why then, my good gentleman, will you thus fooliſhly purſue a phan-

* Amſterdam being built on piles, the uſe of wheel-carriages is forbidden in that city.

phantom?—Why will you thus endeavour, "in ſpite of nature and your ſtars," to be conſidered as a character, which, even admitting that you were to gain your point, could do you no kind of honour?

But ſuch is the nature of man—ever aiming at ſomething which is abſolutely beyond his reach, and deſpiſing the greater advantages, becauſe they are poſſibly attained with eaſe!

—The Dutch, however, have as little of this abſurdity as any people upon

upon earth; and the weakneſs I have juſt reproached them with, is certainly confined to very few.

PRU-

PRUDERY.

AMSTERDAM.

FOR Heaven's ſake, my dear Monſieur de M——, ſaid I, on quitting a company of Dutch people to whom we had lately been introduced, let us not again be ſeen in ſuch a circle———

The women (whom I could always wiſh to praiſe) were the arranteſt

ranteſt prudes in nature. Now, I have an unconquerable averſion to a prude; and am even apt to think a little hardly of her: for it is with modeſty as with religiouſneſs—too great a ſhow of it will make its truth ſuſpected and queſtioned by many.

I reverence the ſex; but as I do not happen to be of the number of thoſe complaiſant gentlemen, who are ready to ſay of every woman they know,

"You have no faults, or I no faults can ſpy:
You are all beauty, or all blindneſs I—"

I may

I may ſometimes ſpeak of the ladies with freedom: though I muſt at the ſame time aſſure them, that it ariſes not from any thing like ill-nature, but, on the contrary, from a truly ardent deſire of finding them lovely in manners as in face.

Having touched on the ſubject of prudery, I cannot help obſerving, that there is ſomewhat too much of it in the behaviour of my pretty countrywomen: but being particularly enchanted with the vivacity and elegant carriage of the Pariſian

ſian ladies, I may poſſibly view our females with rather too ſevere an eye.

MAN

MAN OF THE WORLD.

AMSTERDAM.

NO man is more at fault, I believe, in making a bargain than I am. There is ſo much required in it of what the world calls cunning and acuteneſs, that I am generally over-reached. I cannot ſtand higgling. 'Tis telling a man, in my opinion, (however indirectly) that you conſider him as a raſcal, and

and that you are prepared to counteract his knavery. Now, this is extremely painful to me, ſo I uſually give the ſum which may be at firſt demanded, and am conſequently frequently impoſed on.

The art of money-getting is ſucceſsfully practiced by the Dutch: they are undoubtedly adepts in it, and willingly run the hazard of ſacrificing their reputation to their intereſt. With the eyes of Argus, it would have been impoſſible to have guarded myſelf againſt their attacks

—With

—With the tongue of Therſites it would be impoſſible to recount the artifices that were attempted to be played againſt me. In a word, the Hollander is a match for the Chineſe. In ſaying this I advert to the groſſer impoſitions to which a ſtranger is ſubject in Holland :— not to the little frauds, &c. which are ſo common to every country, and which are pretty generally practiced on the traveller of every denomination.

What I here ſet down, however, muſt be underſtood of their tranſactions

tions with foreigners: among themſelves there is much of probity and fairneſs in their dealings. But even here, if a Dutchman has a favourable opportunity of tricking, he cannot reſiſt it for his ſoul. In fine, he is thoroughly a *man of the world.*

PHILANTHROPY.

AMSTERDAM.

LET it be remembered, however, that though a love of money is the *primum mobile* with the Hollander, it hardens not his heart. The neceſſitous will never ſue to him in vain.*

This

* " Nous voyons (ſays M. le Baron de Monteſquieu) que dans la Hollande on l'on n'eſt affecté que de l'eſprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les

This feature in his portrait is particularly ſtriking and engaging; and in ſome ſort reconciles us to the ſeveral aſperities and hardneſſes which we cannot but diſcover in its general contour.

Is it in language to deſcribe the happineſs of the truly benevolent man? I dare not venture on the

les actions humaines, et de toutes les vertus morales: les plus petites choſes, celles que l'humanité demande, s'y font on s'y donnent pour de l'argent."

This aſſertion of M. de Monteſquieu is highly illiberal and unjuſt: it is actually degrading the Hollander below the condition of man.

eſſay. But methinks I can eaſily figure to myſelf the monſter who has ſhut his ears at the cries of the unfortunate: the cries of his relations and friends! I ſee the furies which are ever attendant on him. I ſee him equally unhappy at his board and bed. Sleep, which other men may hail as "Nature's ſweet reſtorer," is to him a ſource of new inquietudes and fears. He riſes. Tiſiphone purſues him ſtill. He trembles, but continues his courſe——

—Give

—Give me, O ye Powers which touch and warm the heart of man! —Give me but that fair nymph Charity for my companion, and I have nothing more to aſk:—for well am I perſuaded that every virtue is in her train.

VERACITY.

AMSTERDAM.

I HAVE ſome little fear that the reader, on peruſing the two or three chapters immediately preceding this, will be of opinion that I am too much on the *qui vive* with the Hollander:—that I have made my drawing of him in the *camera*:—and that being prejudiced in favour of my countrymen, I am unable

unable to ſpeak with impartiality of the people in queſtion. But I do aſſure him that he is miſtaken; and that I look upon veracity to be of the higheſt importance in a narrative. *Amicus Plato* (to render the ſentence ſomewhat in the manner of Mr. Walter Shandy) *amicus Plato:* an ENGLISHMAN is my couſin —*Sed magis amica veritas:* but TRUTH is my mother.

There are ſeveral inconveniencies attending travel. But I am fully perſuaded, notwithſtanding any thing that Mr. Locke or other moral philoſophers

loſophers may have advanced to the contrary, that it is highly beneficial to man.—Yes, I repeat it *beneficial*.—But then, the perſon making choice of it muſt be of good and liberal education, or it will have a totally different effect.

—As to the little miſadventures and *mauvais tours* which a man is almoſt ſure of experiencing, during his foreign ſojourn, they give me no particular uneaſineſs. I conſider them as taxes which the traveller is under a neceſſity of paying; and there-

therefore bear them, as all taxes ſhould be borne, with patience and reſignation.

POLI-

POLITICAL VIRTUE.

AMSTERDAM.

MACHIAVEL is of opinion, that it is highly politic in a Prince to put on every appearance of virtue; but that he will be utterly ruined, if he ever admits it in reality to a place in his breaſt. And it is a melancholy reflection, that there is ſo much of diſloyalty and injuſtice in the world, as in a great meaſure to juſtify the Italian for

for having laid down a principle ſo ſeemingly inimical to the rights of men.

The more virtuous the Prince, the leſs is he reſpected by his people: of which the Stadtholder is a glaring proof. *Concordia res parvæ creſcunt* is the motto choſen by the States; and this the Hollander, if we may judge from his preſent conduct and behaviour, is thus inclined to underſtand—" by anarchy and confuſion little men may become great." But let him look in Salluſt for the concluding part of the ſentence,

tence, and carefully conſider the whole.

Let him remember too, that a Prince will ever bear in mind the political maxim of *neceſſitas jus dabit*; and that when particularly injured, he may poſſibly employ it to the advantage of himſelf.

THE

THE ENGLISHMAN.

AMSTERDAM.

IT has been ſaid by our writers, that "Engliſhmen do not travel to ſee Engliſhmen."—To obſerve them on the Continent, however, one would imagine they travelled with no other view:—they form themſelves into little knots and circles, wholly regardleſs of the peo-

people whom, it might be ſuppoſed, they came to viſit.

—Now it is from this extreme ſingularity, that an Engliſhman is ſo ſeldom approved by Foreigners. Add to this, that out of his own iſland, he generally aſſumes to himſelf an amazing deal of conſequence: —ſo that what my countrymen have hitherto conſidered as a compliment —*videlicet*—the being uſually ſtiled by Frenchmen "*Milords Anglois*," I look upon to be altogether ironical, and merely a term of reproach; thereby ſignifying, that they carry them-

themſelves with as much *hauteur* and *fierté* as the proudeſt Peers in the realm.

Walking along the Warmoes ſtreet, I met my old acquaintance *Simplicius*. He was ſo greatly rejoiced at ſeeing me, that it was impoſſible to ſhake him off. After a little converſation, I found that he had been ſent to Amſterdam by his waggiſh companions, in order to *drink the waters*. Poor fellow! he knew no more of Amſterdam than he did of the land of the Anthropophagi, and he was actually employed

ployed in going about a city built on piles, inquiring for its medicinal ſprings.

—This, by the way, may ſerve, as a *memento* to travellers, to inform themſelves a little about the places they mean to viſit, previous to proceeding on their journey. What, for inſtance, would be our idea of the man, who, on reading the hiſtory of ancient Rome, ſhould ſet out for that country, in expectation of finding it in the ſame ſtate and ſplendour in which it is deſcribed by the Roman hiſto-

hiſtorians?—We ſhould certainly laugh at him. It was the fate of Simplicius.

EDUCATION.

AMSTERDAM.

" 'Tis Education forms the tender mind:
Juſt as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

AND in Holland the twig is generally bent in one and the ſame manner. In other words, the plan of education in that country is nearly ſimilar to what it was a century ago. The people are fond of appearing erudite, but have

have very little idea of the elegant in literature——and *Burgerſdicius** ſtill prevails.

Here—

" The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With heaps of learned lumber in his head,"

is no uncommon character, any more than in England. And there is very little chance, I believe, of ſeeing a different kind of men among ourſelves, until accurate reaſoning and ſound philoſophy ſhall take place of the jargon and

* Author of ſome philoſophical pieces, greatly eſteemed by the Dutch.

gallimatia of our colleges and public ſchools.*

* " Je n'enuiſage pas (ſays J. J. Rouſſeau) comme une inſtitution publique ces *riſibles* etabliſſemens qu'on appelle Colleges. Il y a, cependant, dans l'académie de Geneve et dans l'univerſité de Paris des profeſſeurs que j'aime, que j'eſtime beaucoup, et que je crois tres capables de bien inſtruire la jeuneſſe, s'ils n'etoient forcés de ſuivre l'uſage etabli. J'exhorte l'un d'entr' eux à publier le projet de réforme qu'il a conçu. L'on ſera peutetre enfin tenté de guerir le mal, en voyant qu'il n'eſt pas ſans remede."

The hints here given to profeſſors in foreign univerſities may not be undeſerving the attention of thoſe of our own.

——But when I have publiſhed the Triſtra-pœdia of Mr. Walter Shandy, which I ſhall very ſhortly do, I may hope to ſee a thorough reform in our ſeminaries. This tract is perhaps the completeſt ſyſtem of education that has ever been penned. It has long remained concealed indeed—Not like the fragment

fragment of Livy in the Vatican Library at Rome: nor like Homer's Hymn to Ceres in that of the Holy Synod at Moſcow—No; it has been hidden ———But the reader ſhall be made acquainted with its hiſtory in my Preface to the Work.

POLICE.

AMSTERDAM.

THE police of Amſterdam is, I believe, ſuperior to that of any city in Europe: every inhabitant is in perfect ſafety. Now, this to an author who carries his fortune in his pocket is no trifling conſideration and advantage. Here then am I ſecure: here do I wander at pleaſure, and without the ſmalleſt

ſmalleſt danger of having my ſlender and poetical purſe at any time ſeized on by the hand of rapine.

How are we to account for the remarkable fact, that in the ſpace of half a dozen years not half a dozen of men have ſuffered death in Amſterdam; and that not even a beggar is to be ſeen in the ſtreets. Is this to be attributed to the wholeſomeneſs of the laws—the activity of the magiſtrates—or the general ſpirit of induſtry that prevails among the people? In ſome

degree to each, I think; but principally to the former.

* * * *

— There is little of Dutch cleanlineſs to be obſerved in Amſterdam. The largeneſs and populouſneſs of the city, indeed, in a great degree forbids it: add to this, that a conſiderable number of Frenchmen have taken up their reſidence in the place, whoſe ſlovenly habits the Amſterdamers have inſenſibly adopted.

THE

THE ADIEU.

AMSTERDAM.

I HERE bid adieu to the artificial city of Amſterdam, and in a little time I ſhall have done entirely with Holland; a country in which, as Sir William Temple obſerves, a man would rather chuſe to travel than to live; where there is

is more ſenſe than wit, and more perſons to eſteem than to love.

All things conſidered, however, it is perhaps a ſpot in which the Engliſhman will find himſelf more *at home* than in any other part of Europe, Switzerland only excepted: —and this is principally occaſioned by the bluntneſs and ſincerity of the people, who, in that particular, very nearly reſemble himſelf.

* * * *

I was pleaſed with the thought of returning home; but then I muſt leave

leave my companions, Meſſieurs de C—— and M—. This was a painful moment to me, and I experienced ſomething like the emotion when once, O Julia! I was under the neceſſity of quitting thee, for that eternity in the lover's calendar—a year: and when unable to bid thee adieu with my lips, I contented myſelf with tenderly preſſing thy hand and dropping on it the ſpeaking tear!—Yes, ſomething like this did I experience, at parting from theſe my friends. Be not offended, fair-one: deem not this apoſtacy in me; but remember that the heart which

is

is capable of friendſhip, is the more ſuſceptible of love.

* * * *

Farewell, then, a long farewell to the Netherlands! And let me recommend to you, my dear countrymen, when you mean to viſit Holland—to bring with you (among other neceſſaries) the whole of your philoſophy and good-humour. They will certainly be put to the teſt: though I muſt honeſtly acknowledge, that during the whole of my travels, I never met with a

Dutch-

Dutchman of ſo very faulty a character as the one deſcribed by Swift in his Voyage to Laputa.

THE END.

BOOKS PRINTED FOR T. BECKET,

Speedily will be publiſhed,

AN ARGUMENT to prove, that the aboliſhing of Chriſtianity would be highly advantageous to the State; and in which it is clearly demonſtrated that there cannot be a more favourable ſeaſon than the preſent for carrying into execution ſo truly patriotic and laudable a deſign.

" It is likewiſe propoſed, as a great advan-
" tage to the public, that, if we once diſcard
" the ſyſtem of the goſpel, all religion will of
" courſe be baniſhed for ever, and conſe-
" quently along with it thoſe grievous preju-
" dices of education, which, under the names
" of Virtue, Conſcience, Honour, Juſtice, and
" the like, are ſo apt to diſturb the peace of
" human minds; and the notions whereof are
" ſo hard to be eradicated by right reaſon or
" freethinking, during the whole courſe of
" our lives."

SWIFT.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM